

ways. And they speak in many languages. It was because I thought that I might be able to organize them so that they could protect their camp that I joined them. All they need is organization to become great soldiers.

There wasn't any chance of the militia coming up the face of the hill. The hill looks right down on Walsenburg, and they'd have to come up in the face of our fire in order to take it.

So they tried to flank us. Two detachments of militia, both with machine guns, tried to take us in the right and left flank. Major P. P. Lester, an officer of the state Red Cross, who should have been a non-combatant, led the militia who tried to turn our left flank. He was killed there.

It was not until Wednesday afternoon that Adjutant General Chase, commanding the Colorado state militia, called me up and asked for a truce. I agreed to it. I had hard work to keep my men from continuing. They had been betrayed by the militia so often, that they do not trust them even in a truce.

They didn't start the battle. The militia fired the first shot. They had been shooting at us for two days. They were the aggressors throughout. They meant to drive us back to our camp—and that might mean Ludlow.

The militia had a cannon in addition to their three machine guns. They had constructed it at the mine forges. I don't know whether they shot anything from it or whether they simply set it off with giant powder to scare our men. I think they shot pieces of iron and chain, but they didn't do any damage.

And it didn't scare anybody. Men don't scare very easy when they're fighting to keep other men from shooting up and burning their homes.

And that's what I honestly believe would have happened if we'd lost the day.

The militia fired a steady stream of lead at us. Bullets spattered against the rocks. They whizzed by in the air. They kicked up the dust by our faces.

And all the time the machine guns kept up a persistent tattoo. There's something pretty about the sound of a machine gun. It's so regular. But it isn't pretty when it's turned against you.

All day long I heard that steady br-r-r-r-r and listened to the bullets whizz around me.

We suffered, but we only lost one man. He was killed by our own men. He lost his "uniform"—a white handkerchief tied around the left arm. He walked into a party of our men, still carrying his rifle. They took him for a Rockefeller gunman. Eleven bullets found his body. Two other of our men were wounded.

I think it's all over now. The federal troops are here. We welcome them. For it can't be that the great government of the United States would turn against us like the state has.

We think we're going to be safe from gunmen. At least, every miner prays so.

Ludlow is going to become a memory—instead of an ever-present dread. We won't have to fight days and watch nights to protect helpless women and children.

For that was the sole cause of the battle of Walsenburg. It was because of Ludlow that practically every striker in this district armed himself.

We aren't pleading any defense. We don't feel that we need one. Women we knew, children we played with, have been shot and burned.

We're protecting them now. Wouldn't you?

—o—o—
Charles Del Missier, 5848 S. Lincoln st., met two strangers. Gave them \$500 for privilege of distributing \$8,000. Changed mind and shouted for police. Strangers fled.